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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

on Poe, in which she proved to her entire satisfaction that Poe was no poet. I did not care what the lady thought, or proved, or thought she proved, but there was something in the spirit of that article—as of a lash wielded by the grim ghost of that cold New England respectability which had pursued Poe throughout his life, and which now tactfully seized upon his hundredth birthday to stamp on his laurelled grave—something which made me vow, like the youthful Hannibal, eternal enmity.

So I am not quite sure of being free from prejudice when I find it impossible to read these books. I dip in here and there and find respectability still protecting dulness. Poe is avenged.

H. M.

CHILD VERSE FOR GROWN-UPS

Songs of a Baby's Day, by Frances Shaw, with illustrations by Sylvia Shaw. A. C. McClurg & Co.

To the readers of POETRY who have known the appeal of Mrs. Shaw's work, and to everyone else, this rare little book should come as a delight. The suggestion of music with which it opens gives us at once the receptive mood. Its contents have sung themselves naturally and poetically from the mother-instinct. The language is not that of an infant, for an infant is "with no language but a cry"; nor may an infant be said to think. These songs are rather an interpretation of the *feel* of a baby-in-arms, and this *feel* has been expressed by Mrs. Shaw more truly than I have seen it expressed before. The poet's mood is one of delicate humor, with a light

Child Verse for Grown-Ups

touch upon harmonies more subtle than they seem at the first glance.

We who speak quite naturally of going *out* to dine must chuckle when she makes her small singer say, "when I go up to dine." Here is a sample of the baby-sensation:

I am a little hunter bold,
My daily food I seek.
I take a lick at everything
That passes by my cheek.
In menfolk's cuffs and ladies' sleeves
There's nothing to be found;
It seems to me there's only one
Quite happy hunting-ground.

Miss Sylvia Shaw has caught the mood of the songs in her sympathetic illustrations. *Agnes Freer*

The Little God, by Katharine Howard. Sherman, French & Co.

This is an engaging book of "child-verse for grown-ups," by a poet who has hitherto been known for grown-up work. The little hero of the poems "wonders everything." The crocus, the rose, the stinging honey-bee, the "miz," the "poblum" and many other things divert his inquiring mind, which sighs:

I wish I could remember
When I was just a worm.

One day he runs away—but let him tell it:

I ran away—
I climbed the garden wall
And ran into the day.
It was so big and wide
I couldn't play.
I don't know why,